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the French artists rather than among the Americans, while in the summer he has gone sketching away off on the Norman and Breton coasts, at Dieppe, at Harfleur, at Grandcamp, and all sorts of out-of-the-way places, where he found no wine and little food, and where he sometimes lived for weeks on nothing but pears and bread. In such places he did not run much chance of making the acquaintance of his wealthy travelling countrymen, any more than he did while sketching on the banks of the Bièvre, redolent of tanneries, or in the midst of the hubbub and movement of the streets of Paris. Last year Mr. Boggs held in London an exhibition of his pictures and studies, which sold so well that he has hired a studio there, and, after his return from Holland next month, he will devote himself to painting local scenes, the shipping on the Thames, with its many picturesque opportunities, affording him, he finds, ample scope for the display of his special abilities. The interesting view of Trafalgar Square published here-with from his pen is from the picture he sends to the Royal Academy Exhibition this season.

After having obtained so much success at Paris it may seem strange that Mr. Boggs is little known in the country of his birth and kindred. He has exhibited very little in the United States, and not more than four or five probably of his pictures are in the hands of American amateurs. It may be added that his unfair treatment in New York by the National Academy of Design, last spring, when his excellent "Old Houses on the Canal, Dordrecht," was "skied" over a door, makes it improbable that he will take any pains in future to cause his work to be better known to his unappreciative countrymen.

Mr. Boggs's painting is that of an impressionist who

is peculiarly sensible to the delicacies and subtleties of the grays and blues and greens of the sea-coast and of the sea that is rather sulky and menacing than of the sea gay with the countless laughter of which Sophocles speaks. So, too, in his street scenes, his old churches at Valognes, or at Lisieux, or his open places at Paris, he avoids highly luminous effects, and dwells with pleasure on soft gray tones that round off the angles and caress the eye. In short, he is not what is called a colorist; he is a realist painter who has hitherto excelled in two kinds of subjects, which are, after all, in the same gamut of color, gray impressions of sea and city subjects, but impressions that are honestly and correctly drawn and thoroughly painted with bold, broad, and sure brush. The artist has really seen his effect, he knows what he wants to reproduce, and he is painter enough to know how to reproduce it. Realist to the core, he does not hesitate, even in presence of effect that can never aspire to beauty. For instance, in the dining-room of the Cercle des Arts Liberaux in Paris, there is a panel painted by him representing the Capitol as seen

from the Pont Royal. The panel is two metres high, and right up at the top is the Pont des Arts, and beyond

down, and on it wood-rafts and steamers and floating baths, and no less than six funnels, all pouring out velvety volumes of smoke. The picture is composed all in height; it is exceedingly clever; very true; somewhat sensational, and not a little, perhaps, inspired by reminiscences of scene-painting days. Still there is great quality in it and great originality. So, too, in all the studies and sketches that are lying round in the studio we find few without quality, though we are still struck somewhat by the prevalence of gray effects. Nevertheless, with all our reserves, we must salute in Frank Myers Boggs one of the most successful and one of the most promising of the young American painters in Paris.

THEODORE CHILD.

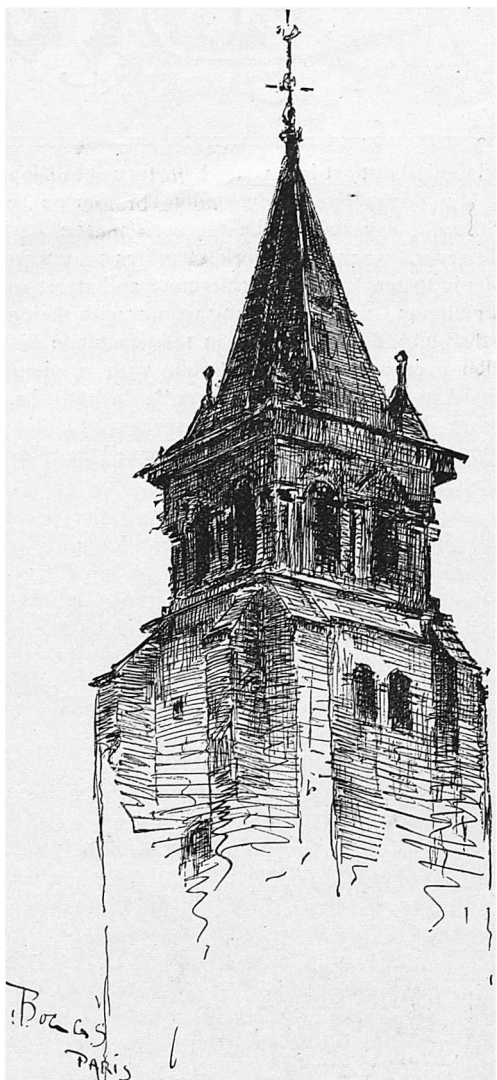
RESTORATIONS OF SCULPTURE IN EUROPEAN MUSEUMS.

[As will be remembered by those who followed the testimony in the Feuardent-Cesnola libel suit, growing out of the plaintiff's charge originally published in THE ART AMATEUR that the Cypriot antiquities at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, had been ignorantly and deceptively restored. Mr. Di Cesnola tried to shift the responsibility of the charges made in Fourteenth Street to the shoulders of Mr. Russell Sturgis. The latter, who was in Florence at the time of the trial, promptly denied that he had ordered the patching of the statues or approved of it. His sworn statement to this effect was not in the nature of such legal testimony as could be offered in court; but it was published in The Evening Post, and it was felt that it reflected seriously on the general credibility of Mr. Di Cesnola as a witness. Since then Mr. Sturgis has contributed to The Evening Post a valuable article, which we herewith republish, on the methods employed as to restorations of ancient sculpture, in the Museums of Europe, embodying his own views in the matter, which it will be seen are directly opposed to those of Mr. Di Cesnola and other trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art].

The different museums of sculpture present no uniform practice with regard to repairs of their works of art. Even if their present managers should be practically of one mind as to this question, they are the inheritors of a long series of administrators most

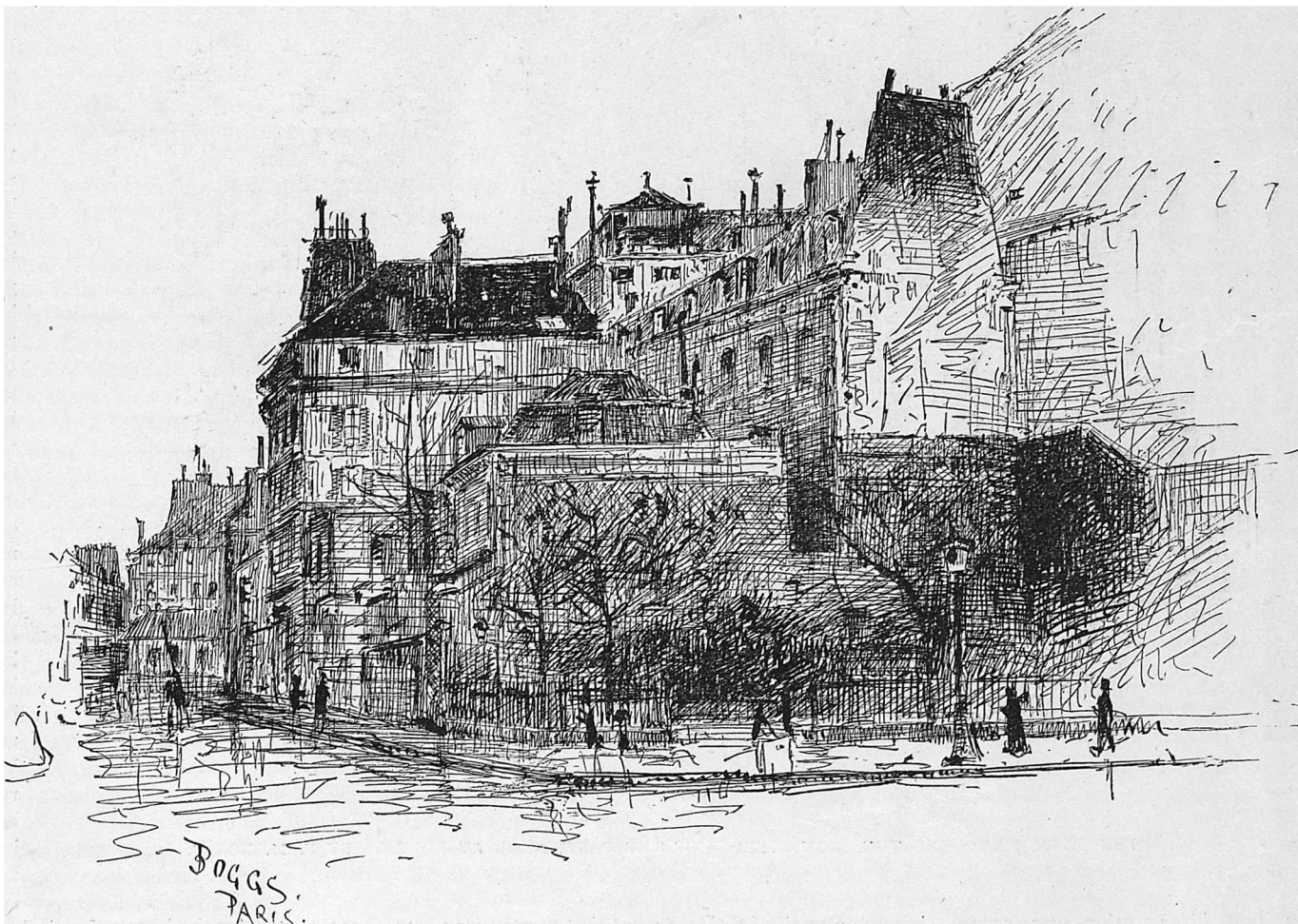
diversely minded. The more important of the recent acquisitions of Europe in the way of classic sculpture are put on exhibition without any restoration or piecing out whatever; as, for instance, the astounding Pergamon reliefs at Berlin, where not even shattered faces are in any way repaired; or as in Rome, where the newly found marbles housed in the Conservator's Palace on the Capitol are left armless or headless if found so; or as in Athens,

where new discoveries are not uncommon, and where no repairs are made. This is the modern practice—not



STEEPLE OF THE CHURCH OF ST. GERMAIN DE PRÉS.

PEN SKETCH BY F. M. BOGGS.



FRAGMENT OF THE PICTURE ST. GERMAIN DE PRÉS. PEN SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.

EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON, 1883.

it the panorama of the different monuments of Paris. The rest of the panel is occupied with the river flowing

that it is of very recent origin, for it dates back three-score years and ten; but unfortunately, it has only of late become general. The "Elgin marbles" have been let alone; no one has ever pieced out the "Theseus" with hands and feet, or tried to fit a head on the "Ilissus"; and yet they have been on exhibition in the British Museum for two generations of men. The Venus of Milo, although her pose is not unquestioned—both the placing of the base upon the pedestal, and the adjustment of the upper block forming the body to the lower one, being matters of dispute—has never been disguised by modern arms; and this statue has been in the Louvre for more than a half century. Even in the Vatican, not the place to look for such wise restraint, the splendid draped statue in the long gallery (Museo Chiaramonti), generally known as a Niobide, remains headless and armless, although it

was for nobody knows how long in private hands, and then in the Quirinal Garden. The Torso of the Belvedere and the so-called "Genius" in the Gallery of Statues will occur to every one who knows the Museum as being unrestored, although the one for three centuries and the other for a century have belonged to the Papal Museum. On the other hand, the practice in the Munich Glyptothek has always been complete restoration: arms, heads, helmets, feet, hands, and weapons are supplied to all comers to this museum, although it dates from within this nineteenth century, and the Ægina, sculptures were not renovated until after Lord Elgin's plunder had been brought to England and purchased by the nation. With less

thoroughness, this has been done almost everywhere. A very brief inspection of the Louvre is enough to decide for us what the fashion is there. With few exceptions, as above noted, the Vatican sculptures are always made complete, besides being cleaned in a way to make one uneasy and suspicious; for the traditions of that great Museum are neatness and elegance, with not too great observance of archaeological purity.

If all the famous ancient statues of Europe should be, by common consent of their curators, stripped next winter of their non-original parts, next summer's flight of tourists would be stupefied at the appearance of some of their pet admirations. The Laocoon would be found without the father's right arm, which is thrusting away from him a great fold of the serpent, as if it were the bight of a hawser, and with no more life in it than such a hempen loop as that; and the two sons would lack, the one his right arm, the other his

right hand and wrist. The Discobolus in the Vatican would have no head; and the modern athlete, accustomed to fix his eye on the mark when he aims his quoit or ten-pin ball, would certainly not be the man to restore the statue with a head placed like the duplicate statue in the British Museum; nor yet to follow the other duplicate in the Palazzo Massimi, with head screwed around to look after the discus; nor yet to retain the present head, with eyes turned on the ground near the feet of the quoit-thrower. The Biga, or two-horse chariot, in the same hall, would have neither horses nor wheels, and might almost be taken for that which it was made to serve for once—an arm-chair. The Medici Venus would retain the stump of one arm, but almost no trace of the other; and assuredly the Tribune would seem less attractive to some travellers when its chief

too strong for the lovers of neat and complete, though inauthentic, sculpture. For years past no restorations more extensive than feet and fingers have been undertaken, and such as they will soon become impossible. And evidently this state of things is to be worked for and hoped for. For, in very truth, no man has any right to thrust himself in between the student and his original. Let us suppose, for instance, that the "Venus of Milo" had been restored, forty years ago, as a Victory, on the model of the noble bronze statue at Brescia. There would have been something to say for that design—a certain resemblance between the statues is not the least argument in its favor. But the strong convictions of those who see in the statue a part of a group would then have been disregarded, and not justifiably; for, although when action is necessary the responsible

actor must know how to disregard the reasons which make against his adopted course of action, in such a case as this no time can be set when action becomes necessary. Students were not agreed, forty years ago, as to the statue's original arms; they are not agreed now; they never will be agreed—unless the original arms should be found, rescued from that Turkish ship in which they sailed away from Melos. Now, in this case, as every one is accustomed to see the statue, or representations of it, armless, few persons will object to its being left so. Probably any attempted restoration of the original would offend even the advocates of that theory which might be followed in making it. But consider the other famous Venus, the



RUE POT AU LAIT, NEAR THE BIEVRE. PEN SKETCH BY F. M. BOGGS.

attraction to the Murray-guided tourist should be so changed from what Lord Byron saw and worshipped. Many hundred "Amazons," and "Cereses," and "Nymphs"; many hundred "Mercuries" and "Boxers" in all the great cities of Europe, would be divested of their distinguishing attributes, and would be reduced to their essential nature of good or excellent classic sculpture, not easy to give proper names to, but none the worse for that. Many hundred heads, arms, legs would be detached and left on hand, of which a very few, known to be ancient, though not hitherto in their right places on the bodies originally belonging to them, would still find places in the galleries; while the rest might be given to drawing-schools for models, for most of them are fairly good in anatomy.

The future is with the archæologists; and a public opinion among those interested is developing itself,

heroine of Byron's verse, the adored of so many generations of tourists—the Medici Venus at Florence. This statue is, no doubt, a work of inferior value; the writer of this can heartily agree with that shrewd Scotch sculptor in Florence, who says that when his ideal student's collection of first-hand casts of a hundred or two hundred masterpieces shall be made, the statue in question shall not be included. But still there is merit in it. The long row of marble ladies standing in the same attitude on the stylobate at Naples are none of them so good, although it was perhaps from them, or from some of them, that Bernini took the position of the arms and hands when he added them to the Florence beauty. The Venus of the Capitol, alone among the statues which are known to be in the same attitude, is the equal, or rather the superior, of the Florence marble; and this work, unique in sculptural treatment, is almost alone in

its preservation. The Medici Venus, then, is neither the better nor the worse for all the uproar of three centuries, and is still worthy of a place where it can be properly seen, in spite of the scraping and polishing the marble has undergone. Obviously, then, the arms should be removed, and this our children will see done. A cast, or a good copy, will preserve for them the memory of their father's idol.

This is an instance of a fairly judicious restoration. But it is easy to name vile ones—inexcusable blunders, or, more often, reckless puttings-together; hasty attempts to avoid the supposed impropriety of leaving broken sculptures broken. Consider the valuable archaic female statue at Venice, with heavy plaited drapery, in the attitude, as if walking, so characteristic of very early Greek statues. Upon this headless statue some restorer has mounted a pert nymph's head of late style, with hair elaborately dressed in a lofty top-knot. Or, as an instance of a more important work of art spoiled in the same way, take the group at Naples, the Harmodius and Aristogeiton—fine work of an early epoch. The striking warrior has his own head, with short-curved, knotted hair; but his friend who accompanies him, ready to parry

and to ward, has received the addition of a head of much later time, good in itself, but of absurd appearance where it is—not merely its treatment being out of keeping, but its very pose and the action of the muscles of the neck contradicting the movement and purpose of the man. Or, what is to be said of the Farnese Bull of the same museum, "the largest piece of ancient sculpture in Italy," of which, as the principal figures are two young men, two women, and the bull, there are of modern work the head of the bull, the whole of one woman, the upper half of the other, and more than half of the two young men?—a restoration nearly as thoroughgoing as the above-mentioned Biga. A colossal marble bull without a head, and some traces and indications of human figures around him, is what the Museum should show as its original work found in the Baths of Caracalla, or elsewhere. A cast of the present group (which is a Renaissance design of spirit enough), and as many alternative restorations as room may be found for, or as sculptors of merit may propose, may be set up near it for comparison by those curious as to possibilities.

Some persons like the Barberini Faun better than

perhaps the merit of that statue would justify. At all events, they should study the figure without the

modern legs, for the whole of one leg, and of the other all, except some bits of the ancient marble inserted,

with part of the lion-skin and supporting rock, and we have left a fine torso with only slightly injured head, just as it was hurled from the high platform of Hadrian's mausoleum on some day of siege and storm—a more respectable work of art, by far, than Kronprinz Ludwig's purchase, patched up now for the third time, and with no more certainty than at first of being rightly restored. But of all restorations, reparations, and transmogrifications, that inflicted upon the "Cnidian Venus" of the Vatican is the most grotesque. This may be to others, as to the writer, the loveliest statue of very young, of budding womanhood in Europe. It stands in a niche on the left as one enters the "Hall of the Greek Cross" from the great stairs, and, therefore, can be looked at from one point of view only. The workmanship is Greek, the marble is Greek, the vase, over which her drapery is thrown, is Greek; and all the ancient work is just as near perfection as human handiwork, even in Greek sculpture, commonly reaches. But from the hips down the statue is hidden, wrapped up, "mummy-fashion," as Braun says in his guide-book, with metal-like drapery; and the right forearm and hand are restored in such fashion that the

hand holds up this mass of clothing. What makes it the more inartistic is that the drapery thrown over the vase is complete in itself, so that two nearly equal masses of stuff are held up side by side. What makes it the more unlearned, the more unarchæological is, that the statue is named the Cnidian Venus, *nemine contradicente*, on account of its resemblance to the medals which preserve for us some recollection of Praxiteles's famous work, and that that figure is undraped. When Italy comes to her own, we shall see this inestimable statue set upon a revolving pedestal, like her sister in the Capitol Museum—or, at least, put up in the middle of a room as the Belvedere Torso is—and that without her stucco costume. RUSSELL STURGIS.

(To be concluded.)

DRY point in etching (the needle at work on the exposed copper instead of through the "ground") has been compared to glazing in oil painting. It gently darkens and softens the etching, and also enables the artist to put in delicate passages which he could not be sure of by means of the acid bath. It is particularly valuable in finishing a portrait, although

are of yesterday. Take away, besides these, the half of one arm, a part of the other, the nose, together

it has the disadvantage of showing at once, to a practised eye, the point at which etching ceased and the new process began,



FISHING BOAT AT GRANDCAMP, NEAR CHERBOURG. PEN SKETCH BY F. M. BOGGS.

